ALLAN, THE CHANGELESS.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Those dreamy eyes, with their intense of blue,
That poet-brow, so cold and yet so fair,
The proud lips' classic curve, the golden hue
Asleep like love-light on the wavy hair.
These haunt me ever, these belong to thee—
But who art thou, and what wouldst thou with me?
One half like thee smiled on my childish years—
But he is gone, believe it by my tears.

I smile and gaze, and thou art smiling, too,
Then shadows rush along my brow, I weep;
Tears tremble in thine eye like drops of dew
In azure violets, sure thy love is deep.
Thou'rt with me when sweet spring is kissing flowers,
When fairies crowd the summer's dreamy hours,
When autumn's fading charms are blushing red,
And when stern winter's frozen tears are shed.

When splendid sunsets burn in western skies,
And when dusk twilights sadden o'er the heart;
When night's *far* stars awake my spirit's sighs,
And when—aye, always, where I am thou art.
Alas, bright boy, my weary way winds on
Where many a-ray of love and light is gone;
Shadows and dreary wilds must wait for thee,
If thou wilt try the course fate marked for me.

Then leave me, leave me, linger not an hour—
Bear thy young beauty and thy love away;
My heart will seem a void, yet I have power
To live alone, rather than have thee stay
To share such fate as mine—ah, this would be
Too dark, my Allan, for a shape like thee.
Go—ere a shadow settle in thy breast—
Thou wilt not? Then stay with me—I am blest.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAUDINE; OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE;" &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TWO NOBLEMEN.—A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

We now request our readers who have so kindly followed the events of our tale thus far, to go with us to the old abbey, and to the rooms of which we left Catharine Varney mistress during the absence of Louis the Count Bienville.

Two weeks have elapsed since the scenes which we have described in the preceding chapter occurred. In the interval incidents have occurred which will now command our attention. It will be remembered that we left Hinchcliff out of prison on bail, and boarding secretly at the Sack Inn, awaiting the day of trial, in order to be present as a witness. His bailor, to the surprise not only of Paul but of all who heard, and of the Lord Mayor himself, we know was Sir Paul Varney. The reader has probably shared in this amazement, and we will now explain the mystery.

When Hinchcliff found himself arrested upon giving his information about the robbery, and fearing that he would be sacrificed, he resolved to send for the magistrate and make a full confession, which he did. He then demanded to be released.

"On bail to appear as witness against Lord Neagle and the Earl of Conybeare, when demanded," was the answer.

Hinchcliff conld think of no one—knew no one who would give this security.

"You must then remain in custody."

"Give me pen and ink? I will get bail," he suddenly cried, seeing the officers approach to lead him away.

He wrote as follows:—

"Magistrate's office, London, January 7.

"To Sir Paul Varney, Baron.—I wish to see you! and at once! I can give you news of your daughter!

"JOHN HINCHCLIFF."

In two honrs after this was dispatched, Sir Paul Varney made his appearance. At Hinchcliff's request they were permitted to be alone.

"Well, sir!" said Sir Paul, coldly, "I have received your note! I hear you are under arrest as a participator in this great robbery."

"Men say you drove the Earl to it, by winning all his money!" said the ex-turnkey, with a bitter voice, as if his hatred conld not be wholly subdued, even when it was policy for him to appear well disposed; as upon the word of Sir Paul depended his freedom or imprisonment.

"What of my child?"

"I know where she is!" (This was true, as Hinchcliff had accidentally seen Kate standing at the window of the old abbey on the day of his arrest.)

"What is your price?—I see I must buy your knowledge, fellow!"

"My bail! I want security! Some six or eight thousand! I don't know how much. Go my bail and I'll give you up your daughter!"

"Do you swear it?"

"On all the gospels and epistles, too!"

"Can I find her?"

"She is in London!"

"Honorable and virtuous, man?"

"So far as I know—I'll show her to you!"

"Do this and you shall be bailed!"

The baron went into personal recognizances in writing to the magistrate that he would become security for Hinchcliff's reappearance; and the two left the place together in a hackney-coach, the latter first being searched to see that he had no arms whatever, and Sir Paul arming himself to secure his presence with him. Hinchcliff had promised to take him to the very place where his daughter was; and verily did he comply with his pledge. He drove straight to the old abbey, and ordered the coachman to stop at the arched and escutcheoned gate.

"Is this the place?" said Sir Paul, eagerly looking out of the carriage window.

"No," said Hinchcliff, who suddenly conceived the idea of having Sir Paul see his daughter as a stranger, in the hope that he would fall in love and run away with her, and thus afford him a terrible revenge. "I call here to ask the number. I know the servant of a *beautiful young French woman, whose husband is in France,* who lives here *alone.* I merely wish to ask her the number. I have forgotten the house."

"Not without *me,*" answered Sir Paul, who followed him to the door, fearing he meant to deceive him, and escape into the building.

"No fear, Sir Paul. I am not going away. I only want to ask the young woman. There's her mistress, now, at the window. She has heard my knock."

Sir Paul looked up, and caught a glimpse of the beautiful side face of his daughter, but, far from recognizing her, emotions of admiration for her were kindled in his susceptible bosom, ever ready to take fire at the sight of rare female beauty.

"Tell your mistress this gentleman is a French officer, and knows her husband," he said, in a low voice, to Lizette. "He would like to see her! If he calls, treat him civilly."

"And who are you, monsieur?" she was about to ask, but he anticipated her question.

"Me? I am brother to the man that brought your mistress the plants from the cottage." (The villain had actually seen an old acquaintance of his bringing some plants thither, and had invited him to drink at the nearest public house, and of him learned what now stood him in good stead.) "Here's one of the shillings you gave him, which he gave me. He knows all about you, and so do I, and would be glad to serve you. I'm the one that took your mistress' husband to the cars."

"Then you are a good friend."

All this while Sir Paul's eyes and attention were given to the window, through which he occasionally got a glimpse of Catharine's graceful figure.

Some more private conversation passed between the two, and Lizette, nodding and smiling, ran up stairs, a guinea richer than she was when she came down.

"I know now, Sir Paul," said Hinchcliff. "It is the next street where she is."

As he spoke, he proceeded as if he would go back into the coach, and stood aside for Sir Paul, still with pistol in hand, to precede him; as he passed in, Hinchcliff knocked the pistol out of his grasp, pushed him in, and turning the door upon him, ran for his life down the street. In its fall, the pistol went off in the carriage, the horses leaped forward in affright, and dashing against a lamp-post, turned short, overset the hackney-coach, and tearing and kicking themselves violently from it, they ran at full speed up the street. Every one ran to the overturned coach, while the bruised driver hurried after his horses. Sir Paul was found within suffering great pain, and was released only when a dozen men had raised the carriage, the door of which was underneath. They took him out, and he found that he could not stand, his leg having been broken by being caught between the door and the earth, as he was making an effort to get out when the carriage went over.

"Where shall we take you, sir?" said respectfully a policeman, seeing that the injured person was evidently a gentleman.

"I feel in too much pain, just now, to go further than this shop. Let me lie down in there. At this moment some one came up and said, "It is Sir Paul Varney."

At this the constables were very active—the sound of a title in English ears being a talisman of power to command attention—and were about removing him to a better-looking store, when Catharine, who, from the window, had seen the whole affair (and just previously informed by Lizette that it was a French gentleman in the carriage at the door), moved by pity and womanly sympathy, sent her down to bid them convey "the wounded gentleman into her own dwelling." Suffering, as Sir Paul was, with the peculiar severity of the fracture of his limb, this message, as it fell upon his ears, filled him with pleasure, and though he did not say, yet he felt that "if it were to bring him to an acquaintance with so lovely a woman, it were a bliss not dearly bought."

"But find first who he is, Lizette," had been the closing message of her mistress as she descended the stairs. "If he is *not* a gentleman, he must remain in the porter's lodge—if he is, they may bring him up stairs."

"He is a gentleman—a lord—Sir Paul de Varne, or some such name, cried Lizette, rnnning back.

"Then let him be brought up stairs, and placed on the lounge here."

In a few minutes the baron, borne by four strong men, was conveyed into the very dining-room, which before has been mentioned, and laid near the window upon a couch. The sight of the beautifnl woman who, with careful words, directed where and how they should lay him, and her sweet, sympathizing looks, filled him with admiration.

"Pardon," he said in French, supposing her to be a French lady, "pardon the trouble I have put you to, madame. I hope soon to be removed to my own rooms. It was the villany of the man who——"

"Do not speak, monsieur. Be quiet as you can. One of these officers will go for a surgeon. You must not think of moving yet. You shall have here every attention you require!"

Hinchcliff, meanwhile, quite overjoyed at the success of his ruse, made his way as rapidly as he could to conceal himself; and after some delay at one place and another, he finally decided on going to the "Sack Inn," where we have seen him engage a room, pledge Paul to secresy, and go and occupy it, on the pretence that he was to wait till the trial, and did not desire to attract attention.

We will now return to Will Wild, who was separated from Botany Bay Paul in the crowd which gathered at the horrible death of Steenie. Terrified at this affair, and not much accustomed to London and its scenes, the country ale-house host, after in vain searching for the mayor's, gave up in despair, and sought his boat. This he found gone. But obtaining another, he reached the Water-Gate Inn, where he heard the news we already know, and in addition to it, that Ralph had taken the young girl he had saved down home with him, as she said she had no money, and the French vessel had got so mingled and lost among the others, he could not find her. At her earnest entreaty not to desert her, he conveyed her to the "Conybeare Arms," where Will found her on her arrival, attracting no little attention from her beauty and helplessness. In the inn also lay Lord Eslington, with an amputated arm, and the Earl of Beresford severely wounded, and both waiting to hear from their families, to which they had communicated their situation and preceding singular, perilous adventures. Bettie and Rose and Ralph, all of whom had given the young noblemen great attention, had also learned their story, from its beginning in Paris, on the night of their adventure with the beautiful somnambulist. As for Rose, her heart was deeply touched by the wound of Lord Eslington, and he was not insensible to her pity, nor ungrateful for her attention.

By accident, that evening the young French girl, whose rescue had been spoken of to the two noblemen by Rose, was passing the door of the room of Beresford, when he started from his couch, on which he lay feebly, with an exclamation—

"That is our sleep-walker!"

The young girl was brought into the room, and questioned in French by Beresford. Eslington also saw and recognized her, but she knew nothing of them, wounded and pale as they were. She, with some embarrassment, said—

"I have come to London to declare the innocence of two young English lords, who are accused of murdering the Marquis de ——. I saw a reward offered for them in Paris. I heard the police had come to London, to take them to France in chains. They are innocent; and alone, with scarcely money to come, I got to London, and was coming on shore when my boat was sunk, and I was saved by this young man, Monsieur Ralph. I asked him to tell me where I could find somebody to tell me where I could see the Maire de Londres. He could not tell, but said he would bring me to this inn, and do all he could for me, that I might find out how to save the two milords."

Eslington and Beresford interchanged looks of amazement across the room, on the opposite sides of which they lay.

"Who did this murder?" asked Beresford, full of marvel at such a meeting.

"It was I myself! I am the only daughter of the marquis. He refused to let me marry a young jeweler whom I loved. We quarreled. In my rage I slew him! To conceal the crime, I went out and called two young men, and——"

"We know the rest, murderess, and the cause to us of all our trouble and present wounds," cried Lord Beresford, shaking his open fingers at her with flashing eyes. "Beautiful devil! splendid tigress! We are the two young men! We were taken and bound, and were being conveyed to Paris as malefactors, when we were rescued, only at the expense of one an arm, and the other of an eye."

"Pardon, messieurs!" and she cast herself at their feet. "I came to save you! I repent! I was beautiful but evil! The heart is not always good when the body is fair. I had a devil in me, like the magnificent Madeline. I will die! I am ready to surrender myself."

Ralph, at the door, had heard all this. By his information, in ten minutes, a constable was in the room. The French girl submitted herself with a look of pleasure to his power—seemed relieved to have taken the place of the innocent; and asking leave to kiss their hands, and praying their pardon in touching tones, she was led away. The next day she was given up to the French minister; and six weeks afterwards her beautiful head rolled in blood across the scaffold of the guillotine!

And here we will go on to say that the young Lord Eslington remained six weeks at the inn, lost his heart to Rose; and repaid her attention and devotion by making her in six months afterwards the Countess of Eslington, a position she honored both by her beauty and her virtues. The same day Ralph was united to Bettie, and Lord Beresford gave the bride away, resolved that since the fate of the lovely French assassin, he could never pnt faith in the beauty of women, and would content himself in giving away brides to his friends, but never taking one. The day Rose was married was marked by the execution upon the gallows of two men: of Robert Murray, (the young ruffian who insulted and struck her, as detailed in an early chapter), for the murder of Dame Hubbard at the castle to possess himself of a hundred pounds she had hoarded up; and of Simon, the Frenchman, for the brutal death of his sister, old Therese. But this hoary and depressed criminal made a confession in his cell, before being led to execution, which will have a bearing upon one of the closing scenes of our tale.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

We will now return to the abbey, where we left Sir Paul Varney an invalid. If the beauty of Catharine Varney awakened in his breast the deepest admiration, no less was he impressed by the sweetness of her manners, the kindliness of her nature, her deep sympathies and devotion to him. Supposing her to be French, he never addressed her in English; and she, for the same cause, always spoke to him in the former language. Thus was he wholly removed from suspecting her to be his lost daughter.

Sometimes, as he would recline, half drowsy under the opiates administered to him, in a delicious state of langour, as she moved to and fro, it seemed to him just such a form and face had been mingled in his dreams long past!

After the first week he was easier, and able to converse. A mysterious sympathy (unknown to her the voice of nature) bound her to him. A score of times, as his look or voice made her think, she asked herself, "Is this love? Am I false to Louis?" And he, as he watched her, more deeply felt his heart interested in hers. In the meanwhile, Louis did not return; indeed, she had not heard from him! The twelfth of January was close at hand.

"My maid told me, monsieur, you knew Louis?" she said, as she drew the curtain so as to shade the sun from his eyes.

"I rented this house to him."

"Are you Sir Paul Varney?"

"Yes."

"My maid said Sir Paul de Varne. I have heard of you, sir. You are not French, then?" she said, with surprise. "Why, then, do you always speak in French?"

"Because you are French," he said, smiling.

"I—me, sir! I am not French!" she cried, with a beautiful laugh, and in the richest English.

"Not French! I see you are not, by your speech," he exclaimed. "This has been a singular mutual error."

"I am glad you are English, Sir Paul."

"And I that you are not French. May I ask your name? I have always addressed you as 'madame.' One can do so in French with ease, without knowing a name; but not so in English—one must have something after '*Mrs.*'"

"My name is Catharine," she said, in a manner so bewitching with her English, that he felt in his heart that if Louis never came back he must lay his fortune and title at her feet, if he found her birth was equal to her beauty.

"And your other name?"

She hesitated. "Hinchcliff" she had renounced: she had no other but "Pauline."

The next day, after long meditation upon her beauty and graces, he said:

"Catharine, are you betrothed to Louis?"

"Our hearts are one."

He felt a strong desire to urge his own awakening passion, when the door opened, and a person whom Lizette had softly let in, bounded across the room, and caught Pauline to his heart.

"Louis!" she screamed with joy that rung with no uncertain note. It came full and fresh from the heart.

"She loves him. and I have no hope," he sighed.

After the salutations of this happy meeting had passed, she looked at the count. He was pale, travel-worn, and looked as if a calamity had befallen him.

"I have been with Louis Napoleon to Boulogne. We hoped to be met by France in arms, and with arms. But it is a wretched failure. France is no more France. We must content to be exiles till a better day."

He bowed to Sir Paul, and hoped he was better. Lizette had told him all, and prepared him for the sight of the guest. He spoke kindly, and with sympathy. They had supper, and as they ate together, the baron envied their pure happiness.

After supper, Louis told Catharine he approved of all she had done for Sir Paul. He then told her that if she would marry on the twelfth, which was one day more to come——"

"On the evening of the twelfth, Louis? That day must pass."

"*Bien.*"

The count then sat by Sir Paul's couch, and told him of the compact, with the ease and genial volubility of his well-bred countrymen; related to him the affair at Boulogne, and explained the cause of its failure. "But," added, "it will be renewed. France will again be imperial!"

The next day Sir Paul said he felt that he could be removed, and expressed his unwillingness to trespass longer on the hospitality of strangers.

"We are friends," said the count, warmly. "Is it not your own house? We will be your guests, Sir Paul."

After awhile Sir Paul said:

"How beautiful and charming a creature is mademoiselle! It is very odd you are not married, yet live beneath the same roof in such honor, waiting for to-morrow, the twelfth."

The count at once explained how he had met Catharine at the French school—loved her—eloped with her from the Tower—and the compact between them.

Sir Paul listened to the concluding portion with eager and breathless attention.

"What name? You gave no name to this man—this turnkey."

"Hinchcliff."

"Call—call her in—pray call her!" he gasped out.

Alarmed, the count hastened to bring his betrothed.

"Have you any name besides Catharine?"

"Pauline, sir."

"Do you remember if you ever lived near Varney Castle?"

"Yes, sir, when a child; in a cottage by the brook below."

He could not speak. He stretched forth his arms with speechless eloquence. He murmured inaudibly: "God forgive me! what gulf have I been saved from! He then called out, with a broken, weeping voice:

"Come to my arms—embrace me, Catharine! I am your father! You are my child!"

The instinct of filial love within her responded. She flung herself upon her knees by his couch, and he folded her to his heart.

By-and-by he told her and Louis the following tale:

"Your mother was beautiful—next to yourself (and your likeness has haunted me like a vision of beauty) the fairest of women. I loved her with all my heart and being. We were both young. I cared not for the disparity in rank. She was as virtuous as she was lovely; and for her love I secretly married her. The witnesses and record are to be found. But my mother was haughty and my father proud. They heard of it. I weakly yielded to their threats, and connived wickedly at a plan that was proposed to save me from suspicion, and your mother's honor. For a stipulated sum this Hinchcliff (chosen for certain reasons known to my father) was induced to marry her really, but actually not to live with her as his wife! To save her own honor and name, she consented to this shameful tyranny, for which I cannot too severely censure myself. I then left for India. You were born, my child. In the eye of the world you were Hinchcliff. You know the rest. Forgive me! Could I rise, I would do so to kneel at your feet. I have wronged you—I have wronged your virtuous and noble mother. I have for many years sought you in vain, resolved, being childless, to make you the heiress of my domains. Providence has wonderfully guided me to you. Let me, by the reparation I shall make to you, my dear child, for the evils you have suffered from my folly, neglect and guilt, atone in some degree——"

"Nay, dear father, all is forgotten! If dear mother is near us she also forgives!" answered Catharine, weeping between joy and regrets.

Louis was deeply moved, partly with indignation at Sir Paul's conduct, partly with satisfaction.

At this moment a person was announced. It was Botany Bay Paul. He came accompanied by Eva. He asked to see Sir Paul alone. Eva stood at a little distance, and as her lovely face drew the attention of Catharine, (now the acknowledged Lady Catharine Varney, as our readers are all happy to hear, we know,) she drew her gently towards her, and asked her name.

"Eva—Eva Marie."

"A sweet name!"

The count thought the owner of it quite as sweet, as her drooping lids and blushing cheeks recognized modestly his ardent gaze.

"My Pauline, she looks like you."

"Like me?—I wish I were the half so pretty."

"Your mouth, and hair, and your very dimple in the left cheek."

In the meanwhile, Paul had said to the baron:

"Your worship, I heard you were here, and had broken your leg. John Hinchcliff told me."

"Where is that man?"

"Nobody knows, sir," answered Paul, shaking his head mysteriously. "He was taken out of my house mysteriously a week ago, by twelve men. They made no noise. They bound him, gagged him, and put him into a boat, and pulled away with him. It was a dark, stormy night. Some say he was tied up in a sack and drowned because he knew too much about the London Tower locks and keys; and now they've got the jewels back, with what they found on Lord Neagle, they want to keep 'em. One thing is certain—no living man'll ever lay eyes on John Hinchcliff. If he isn't dead, he's in a dungeon deeper than the bottom o' the Thames! A dangerous man, your worship."

Sir Paul assented. He felt relieved as he heard this, though he knew that his abduction would cost him eight thousand pounds as security to the magistrate.

"I've come, your nonor, to ask you, Sir Paul, if you lost your wife in India?"

He stared, and looked startled. What could he say? If he recognized, as he had done, Anne Ross as his wife, his second marriage was not lawful. He answered—

"Why this singular inquiry?"

"Because a Frenchman was hanged last week for a murder. Four years ago he stole a young child, and made a drag-slave of her. That child I have adopted. There she stands in the door, talking with that handsome lady! This Frenchman told his priest that the child was not that of a man who brought it with him there and died in his house, but that the man had told him he had rescued the child from a tigress in India. The animal had the mother in his jaws, and the child held in one paw by the arm. The Frenchman, who was a musician in the army, shot the tigress and saved the child, but the mother was dead. He robbed her of her jewels, and took the child and reared her as his own, coming to this country with the money the jewels brought him. He was devoted to the child, but died in a wretched den, when it fell into the hands of the man who made this confession. The Frenchman said the woman and child were the wife and daughter of Colonel Sir Paul Varney!"

Sir Paul listened amazed. The host of the Sack Inn called to Eva, and presented her; and drawing up her sleeve, exhibited the scars of the claws of the tigress, saying—

"This must be your child, Sir Paul."

Catharine and the count listened with wonder.

"This must be my child!" cried Sir Paul. "I see her mother's eyes. What a day is this! Kiss me, my daughter! What is thy name?"

"Eva Marie."

"The very name of my lost infant! This Frenchman, then, knew us, but would not reveal the rescue of our child! Come, and let me fold another daughter—two lovely flowers in one day—to my father's heart."

After some further conversation, in which Paul heard Sir Paul acknowledge that this child could not be his heir, being illegitimate, the former then insisted on retaining her, as having as good a title to her, and better; for only a week before, in the presence of a magistrate, he had adopted her, and given the lawful bonds and sureties. At last it was decided—very sadly by her father, whose heart went out to her—that she should remain with Paul, but he would educate her becoming her true father's rank.

The next evening, being that of the twelfth of January, the Count Louis—who proved to be a prince of the house of Napoleon—was married to the beautiful and virtuous Lady Catharine Varney. her father giving her away. And Eva Marie (whom Catharine had began to love as an own sister) was the juvenile bride-maid. And present, also, was Botany Bay Paul, feeling his advanced respectability and importance, and resolved, from that day, for Eva's sake, if not from principle, to be as honest a man as there was in the three kingdoms. Sir Paul, on his recovery, gave up gaming, repaired to his castle, and passed his time between it and London, where his daughter resided in the abbey—now superbly fitted up as a metropolitan palace, the home of taste and elegance, and the place of reunion for distinguished French exiles and men of talent and genius of all nations.

That Absalom, the handsome Israelite, married the beautiful Ketura need hardly be recorded. And the London papers, in speaking of the marriage, which took place in a crowded synagogue, said that no such magnificent ceremony had ever before been performed in London, as well for the wealth and beauty of the bride and bridegroom, their rank in their nation—the bride being a lineal descendant of the house of David—as for the splendor of the arrangements. "The loss," added the journal, "of the father of the bridegroom of one hnndred thousand pounds sterling of the advance made to the unhappy Earl of Conybeare, did not seem to diminish the cost or hilarity of this imposing occasion."

We have now but three or four more of our prominent characters to allude to in concluding our Tale. These are the earl, his daughter, Sir Villiers, and Lord Neagle.

The following paragraphs, from the *London Times* of February 6th and 8th, will unfold all the information regarding them which the reader can desire to possess:—

The Earl of Conybeare, we learn, after a private examination before the commissioner appointed for the purpose by the crown, is proven to be insane; and is to be given into the charge of the Governor of the Lunatic Asylum as a patient; the latter to be held responsible for him as for a State prisoner. Lord Neagle's trial begins to-morrow.

8th. The public mind received an indignant shock this morning on learning that Lord Neagle, on his cell being opened early this morning to take him out for trial, was found dead, hanging to the iron grate of his window by his cravat. He was immediately cut down, but life was extinct, and he had evidently been dead some hours. Thus has justice been defrauded of her claim upon one of the most dissolute and criminal nobles whose crimes have disgraced the peerage.

March 18th. Evening edition.—We learn that yesterday in St. Barnabas Chapel, Sir Villiers Courtney, Colonel in her Majesty's —— Regiment of Cavalry, was married to lady Isabel Conybeare, countess of Inglis, daughter of the late unfortunate Lord Inglis, who died four weeks ago insane in the asylum near Greenwich. The bride was arrayed in deep mourning; and the parties immediately started for the continent, where they intend permanently to reside.

Seven years later a London paper published the following:—

MARRIED.—Israel Levi David, Esq., a wealthy young Israelite, to Eva Maria, the beautiful adopted daughter of Sir Paul Varney. The bride has adopted the Jewish faith.

Three years before this Botany Bay Paul had gone to rejoin, we trust, his daughter beloved in a better world than this, leaving all his goods to Eva, who from that day became the living and dutiful child of her father, Sir Paul, who joyfully took her to his own home, and centered upon her the affections of his heart, or rather dividing them with Catharine, now the Princess of L**** and her loving boy and girl, the eldest called Louis, the youngest Anne, after her unhappy grandmother.

One evening about the close of the year 1853, the Prince of L****, the fair Princess Catharine and her two little children, with Lizette in charge of them, were walking in the public gardens at Brussels, the Prince a little in advance, when a mendicant, gray and wretchedly apparelled, drew near, and bending low with his hand over his heart, asked the princess for alms. She was about to give him a piece of silver from her purse, when withdrawing his hand from his heart, a hitherto concealed dagger glittered in his fierce grasp; and springing upon her with the cry, "Remember John Hinchcliff!" he would have buried the weapon in her breast, but for Lizette, who with a shriek interposed her person and saved the life of her mistress by sacrificing her own, falling dead at her feet with the steel in her bosom.

The next moment the swords of three officers who were passing by were sheathed in his heart, and with a curse of impotent vengeance upon his lips, the wretched turnkey of the Tower, after escaping from its lowest dungeon by mining out, fell a corpse at the feet of her whom he had begged his way over half of Europe to destroy.

THE END.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when he seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.

INDUSTRY.—All exertion is in itself delightful, and active amusement seldom tires us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. In all pursuits, efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be time enough for repose in the grave," said Arnauld to Nicole. In truth, the proper rest for man is occupation.

BAD SOIL.—He that sows his grain upon marble will have many a hungry belly before his harvest.